CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION

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LOS ANGELES

PLAIN TALES;

OR,

THE ADVANTAGES OF INDUSTRY.

By E—— C——,

Author of "Instructive Hints," &c.

THE THIRD EDITION,

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

THE HAPPY SCHOOL-GIRL.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR;

AND SOLD BY DARTON & HARVEY, GRACECHURCH-STREET;

ALSO BY T. COMBE AND BY I. COCKSHAW, LEICESTER.

1806.

Price Three-pence.

The children of the Poor can never be taught to read with facility and pleasure, unless they have Books exactly levelled to their capacities.

PLAIN TALES.

TALE I.

SUKEY DAWKINS and Polly Wood had been some time in the charity school. They had behaved very well, and could do a good deal of work: they were regular in going at the exact time, and as soon as school hours were over, they went ſtraight home, to see what they could do to assist their mothers. As they were diligent, they sometimes got a spare half hour to take a walk in the fields. This was of great service to their health, and helped to make them strong, active and cheerful. One evening, after they had been working very

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hard, their mothers gave them leave to go. Out they set, as brisk as larks; they tripped over the stile very nimbly, and had soon gathered a handful of primroses and violets. Presently they heard a loud noise at a little distance, and away they ran to find out what it was. In a wood, not far off, they observed a man felling a large tree, and around lay a great number of chips. I wonder, said Sukey Dawkins, if any body makes use of these: how glad my mother would be to have some to light her fires with: let us ask the carpenter. Pray, said she, do you think the person who owns these would give me leave to take a few home to my mother?—Yes, said the man, I think he would: they belong to Mr. Ownoak, who is walking in the next field,

and

and you may ask him, if you will. O, said Polly Wood, do not let us go, I cannot abide to ask: her companion replied, What is there to be ashamed of? I am not going to do any thing wrong; and, unleſs I was, I do not see what reaſon I have to be aſhamed. The chips are of no use to this gentleman, and, perhaps he does not think how useful they might be to others. Come, let us make haste: so she went up to Mr. Ownoak, and said—Pray Sir, will you give me leave to take a few of those chips home to light my mammy's fire? Who is your mammy, my little girl, ſaid he? Widow Dawkins, Sir. Where does she live? In the well yard. How many children has she? Four, Sir. I am the oldest: I strive to do a little, but we are very poor, and my mother has hard

work to get clothes, food, and firing, so that a few chips would be very useful to us. You may take as many as you can carry, my child, said he; and you may come again to-morrow, and the next day, and, if your companion wants any, let her have some too. Away they ran, and told the carpenter that Mr. Ownoak had given them leave to take some. Sukey Dawkins had on a good strong woollen apron, which she had made of one of her mother's, so she began filling it with chips; but Polly Wood's apron was an old ragged checked one. Sukey had often begged her companion to endeavour to mend her clothes, but this she had too much neglected, and was now very sorry she had. However, Sukey helped her to pin it together as well

as

as she could; and, after filling them as full as they would hold, and wishing the carpenter a good night, away they set off towards home. As they were getting over the last stile, Polly's tattered apron gave way, and down fell all the chips. This was a sad disaster, and she began to cry; but her companion asked her if crying could possibly remedy the misfortune, and begged her not to do what a little baby would. Let us think what is beſt to be done, that is all we ought to do when any accident happens. Let us see: well, your gown is whole, that is a good thing; suppoſe you take it up, and put the chips in that, and, if you like, I will help you to mend your apron to-morrow. So they picked up the chips again as fast as they

could, and made haste to get home. Mother, said Sukey, I am afraid you thought me long, but these will make amends for staying. She then threw down the chips under the coal-shed, and told her mother how she came by them. Her mother thanked her very kindly for her attention to the comfort of the family, and told her, she believed, that if she had not been so good a girl, and often contrived, in some way to help her, they must all have gone to the workhouse. Sukey was much more satisfied with herself that evening, than if she had been romping with the girls in the street, and went to bed thankful that she had been useful.

Children, in many a different way,
Can give their friends delight;
Nor will she pass a useless day,
Who brings home chips at night.

TALE II.

MOTHER, said Nancy Bennet, I wish you would let us have tea to breakfast; there are neighbour Spendalls and their children drinking tea every morning when I go by to school, and we never have it but on Sunday afternoons My dear, said her mother, every thing which is good for you that I can buy, I wish you to have; but there are many reasons which would make it improper for us to drink much tea: One is, that it is very dear, and affords but little nourishment: Another, that it is neither pleasant nor wholesome without cream and sugar. Two pounds of the coarsest sugar I could buy, would cost eighteen

pence; with that eighteen-pence I could buy you a new shift; the sugar, you know, would soon be gone and forgotten; the shift will help to keep you warm and comfortable for years. Which would you rather have? O, the shift, said she, to be sure. Well, my dear, said her mother, it is by denying ourselves tea that that we are able to get a comfortable change of shirts and shifts; and another advantage is, that I believe we have better health than many people who live a good deal on tea. Your father finds himself more able to work after bread and cheese and a pint of beer, than he would after tea: and a bason of milk porridge is a much more satisfying meal for us; and, it is a very happy thing, that the most wholesome food is generally the cheapest. Ploughmen and milkmaids,

milkmaids, who look so ruddy, and are the most healthy people in the kingdom, seldom taste tea. Part of their health and strength, it is true, is owing to their rising early, going to bed early, and living a good deal out of doors; but, we who are obliged to do our work more in the houſe, ought to get the most wholesome food we can; and, spending our money in tea and sugar, would deprive us of many more useful things. I have heard my mother say, that tea was very little drank when she was young; and, I believe, people were quite as healthy and as happy then. For one quarter of a year, I laid by every week, juſt as much as I should have laid out had we drank tea. This, at the least I could reckon it, was one shilling and sixpence a

week. As there are twelve weeks in a quarter of a year, this, you know, came to eighteen shillings; and, with that money I bought myself and you, these good stuff gowns, which have kept us so warm all the winter, and a pair of sheets for your bed. Would you rather have been starved in rags, and drank tea; or comfortably clad, and had milk porridge? O, I have heard enough about tea, said Nancy, give me milk porridge, a stuff gown, and new sheets.

If comfort round a cottage fire,
The poor desire to see,
Let them to useful things aspire,
And learn to banish tea.

TALE III.

JENNY BUNNEY sometimes did an errand for her school-mistress; sometimes she took her mother's work to the warehouse, and was often employed to go on other errands, because she was very quick, never loitering on the road. She was also careful to remember what was told her, and carry a proper message. She had a sufficient pleasure in being useful and finding herself trusted, and did not wish for any other reward; however, the people where she went were very kind, and would sometimes give her a halfpenny. There was a woman lived very near where she did, who sold apples and gingerbread, &c. These,

she thought, looked very nice, and sometimes she would buy a halfpenny-worth, but there was very little for money; she had soon eaten it, and found herself not at all satisfied. What a foolish thing, said she to herself, will it be to spend all my money in this way, and have nothing useful for it. I will lay by the halfpence I get till I can buy something useful, and then I shall find which affords me the most satisfaction. She observed, that her mother had long worked very hard to get food and clothes for her children, and that she hardly ever bought any thing for herself. Her caps were almost worn out, and Jenny knew that she did not know how to get any new ones; so she asked her mistress, at the school, to be so good as to tell her how much

much would buy her mother two caps. Her mistress told her she thought she could buy her two for tenpence; so she saved all the halfpence she got, and very anxious she was till the number was compleated; then the next time she went to school, she gave it to her mistress to lay it out. The following morning the caps were bought, and ready for her to make. She worked hard, and, at night, had hemmed the border, set it on neatly, and finished one cap! The second day her task was completed, and the caps carried home. If she had had a dozen given to herself, I do not think her joy would have been half so great as that she had, in the thought of giving these to her mother. As soon as she got into the house, she ran up to her and said, mother,

I have got a little present for you, if you please to accept it. A present, said she! what is it? Jenny then pulled out the caps, and put one on her mother's head, and the other in her lap. How came you by these, said she? Who sent them? Mother, said Jenny, I have bought and made them myself. You do a great deal for me, and I am sorry I can help you no more; however, I feel more glad that I could buy you these, than if any body else had given you them. My dear, said her mother, where could you get the money? O, said she, you know that I had many odd half-pence given me, these I kept till I got enough to buy you two caps, as I thought it would give me more pleasure than laying it out in any thing else. Her mother al-

most

most cried for joy, to find she had so good a child, and told her she should value the caps more than if any fine lady had given her them. Young as you are, you now find how much you can do to render your parents comfortable; and I rejoice, that poor as we are, you will never want pleasure, since you have learned that you need only try to be useful.

When gingerbread and apples lure,
I'll think on Jenny Bunney:
Rememb'ring, pleasures that endure,
Are better worth my money.

TALE IV.

NEAR to Jenny Bunney lived Nancy Thoughtless. She too, sometimes, had halfpence given her; but they soon went at the apple-woman's, in cakes, gingerbread, nuts, &c. Sometimes she would save several in her little box, but she did not think of laying them out in any thing useful, and they soon followed the rest. One very sharp winter, in which they found it hard work to get victuals, her father had a very long illness: this was a great trial; however, the poor woman, his wife, kept up her spirits pretty well. All worked who were able, and they just managed to live, every day hoping the father would get better.

Nancy's

Nancy's mother said to her one day, my dear, I wish I had a little wine to give your father, he is very weak, and I think it might do him good; but it is dear, and I have no money to buy any with. You know that I never go, nor send you a begging, for it is generally the idle and wasteful who beg; and as I am not one of them, I do not choose to follow their example. I think I have seen you take the half-pence which were given you to your little box. Perhaps you have as much as sixpence, this would buy a little wine for your poor father; and, I dare say, you will be glad to to put it to such a use. Money, my dear child, is of no more value than stones or dirt, any further than as it is useful; and it is every body's duty to make the best use

he can of all he has. I dare say you feel that you can do nothing better with yours, than buy your father a little wine. I need say no more, you will run up stairs and fetch it. Nancy hung down her head and did not stir. Her mother waited; at last she burst out a crying, O, mother, said she, I have no six-pence, I have not even a half-penny. How have you laid it out, said her mother? O, I have wasted it all in gingerbread and nuts, and now I have none to buy my poor father a drop of wine with. What shall I do! What shall I do! Her mother told her, as crying could not bring back her money, she had better give over. I am very sorry, said she, you have lost all the pleasure you would now have had in doing good to your father, and help-

ing

ing the family, but perhaps you like the remembrance of your nuts and your gingerbread better. O, mother, do not say so; I would rather have never tasted them if I could but now buy the wine. My dear, said she, I hope you will be wiser then for the future, and always remember that those things which please the longest are the best.

She, who in trifles spends her gain,
Will lose all lasting pleasure;
And when she would do good, in vain
Laments her wasted treasure.

TALE V.

AS Mary Atkins was one day going to fetch some turnips for dinner, she saw, at the corner of Poverty Lane, a second-hand shop, at the door of which hung a great deal of ragged finery. There was a tawdry flowered gown: to be sure, it had some holes in it, but it was well starched, and made a show: there was likewise an old muslin cap, with a plaited border, and a fine red ribband round it. Mary went home, and told her mother she wished her to go with her to Poverty-lane, to buy something at the second hand shop, for she had seen some very pretty things there; and Sally Idle had bought a white apron for

for six-pence, and a muslin handkerchief for two-pence. My dear, said her mother, there is not a place in the town I have so great a dislike to as a rag-shop, for such it may properly be called; and it is one great cause of the ruin of poor people, that they lay out their money at these shops. The apron and handkerchief which Sally Idle bought, would, probably, be in rags the first time they were washed, and she would then find that she had laid out her money in a very wrong manner. The plaited bordered cap you saw, was, I dare say, already in holes; and, perhaps after once washing, it could be plaited no more; besides, such a thing would take a great deal of time, which poor people have not to spare. I would rather see a plain cloth

cap, with a strong lawn border, set straight on, which would wear well for years, than such fine ones which would not last a month. The cotton gown, perhaps, I could buy for half what I gave for my new stuff one; but it would often want washing, and that would take a great deal of time, which would very much hinder my work at the wheel. Soap too is very dear, so that it would soon cost me more than that I have; besides I think it very untidy to see a poor woman with a dirty bit of a cotton gown all in rags, when she might, by a little contrivance, have a comfortable stuff one. Poor people will always find it their interest to wear that kind of dress, which lasts the longest, requires the least washing, and beſt becomes their situation and the busi-

neſs

ness they have to do. For my part, I will not lay out my money in Rag Fair finery; I never have done it, nor do I ever mean to do it; but, if you think it a better way, you are very welcome to try. But, as I think it a disgrace for an industrious woman to be seen there, you will excuse my going with you. O, said Mary, I will not go, I am convinced that your way is best; and, now I think of it, Sally Idle had a great many rents in the linen gown, which I know she bought there but a little time since, and it looked very dirty and untidy too. Some people, said her mother, may laugh at my putting by the sixpences and the pence every week, but I am sure we have a great deal of comfort from it; and, it matters not who laughs, so long as we are certain

that we are doing right. I do not think that I should hoard up a great many shillings and guineas, if I could get them, for they are only desirable to make use of; but I think it to be my duty to do the best I can with my little, and, while I do that, you may be sure I shall not go to the rag-shop.

Ruin within a rag-shop stands,
And all who dare to enter,
With tattered bargains in their hands,
Repent so rash a venture.

TALE VI.

POLLY BROWN went one day to carry her grandmam a little broth, for the poor can do good to others as well as the as the rich. Her mother desired her to go carefully, not to stay by the way, and to come straight back: she said she would. As she was going, she met Sukey Playful and Dolly Careless. Where are you going? said they. To take my grandmam some broth. Come, said they, set it down a little while, and have a run with us. O no, said she, I cannot now, my mammy desired I would make haste; besides, the broth will be cold. When a little girl knows what is right, she ought to listen to no persua-

sions to do wrong. They told her, her mammy would never know any thing about it: that they were going to buy a halfpenny-worth of apples, and would give her one if she would go with them. Come, said they, you may set down the jug in this snug place, and we shall soon be back again. At last she consented; but she had no comfort as she went, nor when she had got her apple; for she thought, if the jug should be thrown down, what should she do. They made haste, but when they came back to the place, a dog had thrown down the jug, and spilt all the broth. Polly began to cry most terribly, and scolded Sukey and Dolly for persuading her to go, when she might have recollected that it was her own fault for not minding her duty. They

were

were a good deal frightened: however they said, never mind it, as the jug is not broke, you can go home and tell your mammy you took the broth, and, perhaps, she will never know any thing about it. Polly dried her eyes, took up the jug, and went home; but she was very uneasy, and felt that she did not like her playfellows half so well as she had done before, for they had now taught her to do wrong. When she got home, Well, said her mother, how does your grandmam do, my dear, and how did she like the broth; for I dare say she was hungry enough, poor soul, and would eat it directly? Polly said, she was much as usual, and liked it very well. All the day she was very dull, and found she could not work with half so much pleasure

as she used to do. At night, when she went to bed, she was very uncomfortable indeed; she had been taught always to tell the truth, as the only way to be happy herself, or of any use to others. She now felt that she had deceived her mother, and therefore did not deserve to be trusted by her. Thus she continued very uneasy all the week. On Saturday night, when her mother had done all her work, and washed the young children and put them to bed, Polly, said she, I think I will just step and see how your grandmother does: you, my dear, will take care of the house; and mend a hole in your father's stocking for to-morrow. You begin to be a great help to me now, and I thank God that I have one child to depend upon for a little comfort

and

and assistance; be sure to take care against the fire and candle, I shall soon be back again. She then went out, but Polly's heart was ready to break: she had always, before, deserved her mother's praise, and it was the next comfort she had to the satisfaction of her own mind. But now she had deceived her; she was miserable; she was going to be found out; and she could no longer expect to be trusted. The grandmother was very glad to see her daughter, and began to enquire after all the children, and particularly Polly, who, she said, was now a notable little maid, and would soon, she hoped, be a great comfort to them all. But, child, said she, I am afraid you have made no broth lately, for you used to be so good as to send me some,

and

and it is now many a long day since I have had any. Mother, said she, you forgot, we made broth on Monday, and Polly brought you some then. Well, said she, my memory fails me, but I thought it had been longer. Here is my neighbour Green, who brings in her wheel sometimes, she has sat with me a good deal this week, it may be that she can tell. Monday, Monday, let me see, said Betty Green; no neighbour, I am sure Polly brought none on Monday, for that was the day we made some at our house, and I brought you a little of mine. Well, said Polly's mother, I do not know how it could be, but I will enquire when I get home. I must now wish you a good night, for my husband will want his supper. You have a shift

here

here over the line that wants mending, I see: Polly is now very ready with her needle, they have taught her so well in the charity-school. I am sure she will be very glad to mend her grandmother's shift; for the more useful she is, the more happy, you know, she will be: so I will take it with me. Good night, God bless you, I must make haste, for we poor people have no time to lose. Away she set off: when she got home, well, Polly, said she, you have had no accident? Polly was very dull, and said no, mother. Your grandmother enquired kindly after you, and was very glad that you are such a comfort and help to me; but how was it, my dear, about the broth you last went with? Your grandmother has never had it. Polly trembled every limb; at first she thought

thought of still saying that she had taken it, but she found that she had been miserable enough already, and that it would only make her more so. O, mother said she, I have deceived you: I have made myself very unhappy, and I am very wicked indeed. She then told her mother what had happened. Her mother was very much shocked, and could hardly speak. I know, said she, very well, that other people are often wishing and asking us to do wrong; it is possible your naughty companions might persuade you, but, to come home and deceive me, this is dreadful indeed. I know of no other right use of words, but for us to tell one another of things as they really are. You have perhaps, heard quarrels in the street, and seen

seen a good deal of trouble and sorrow in houses; great part of this is owing to people's deceiving one another in their words, and not telling the strict clear truth. For my part, I would rather have had a child who could not speak, than one who deceives me. How can I truſt you? How can I depend upon what you say? Nay, how do I know that this account of the matter is truth? When shall I be able to believe you again? O, my dear mother, said she, do forgive me this once, and I hope I shall always speak the truth for the future. Yes, said she, I can forgive you, but do you forgive yourself? that is the matter. Can you be as happy as you was before? I will try: I will watch my words, and tell you all. Well, said her mother, you seem very ſorry: I do not wish to make you more

more so, only you will find that I cannot, at present, trust to what you say; neither can your grandmother, nor neighbour Green; but this you must endure as the consequence of the fault you have committed. It is a dreadful effect of doing wrong, that it makes us unhappy; but the more unhappy it makes you, the more you must strive against it in future. I hope you are sincerely sorry; if so, we shall perceive it by your speaking the truth, (for deceit is soon found out,) and then we shall trust you as usual; and I hope, you will always remember, that none can deceive another without injuring himself.

Better be dumb than dare to lie;
For words which are not truth,
Far as they reach, ſpread misery,
On childhood, age, and youth.

TALE VII.

O! said Phebe Talkative, one day, to Nancy Diligent, I wish I had finished my work—what a long seam this is, I think I never shall have done. Nancy told her she wished she would not talk so, for she had as much work to do as herself, and talking only hindered them both. Phebe told her she thought it very hard if they might not talk; but, if she would not speak, she would get somebody else. She then turned to the little girl who sat on the other side; on so doing, she lost her needle: she was then obliged to get up and look it, and off dropped her thimble. Dear heart, said she, my things are always

so

so tiresome, I wonder what business my needle had to drop; I do not see that other people's needles and thimbles fall. Thus she kept talking on, and it was some time before she had again taken her seat, and got to work. Presently she observed that Nancy Diligent was not in her place; and, when she came back to it, she said this is you who would not speak, but I see you can leave your place and walk about as well as other girls. Nancy told her that she had only been to have her work fixed, as she had done her seam. Phebe was now a little ashamed. Whether she minded better in future, I do not know; but certain I am, that if people would observe, that the inconveniences they meet with are chiefly owing to their own carelessness, they might

might do a great deal better, and be a great deal happier.

Whate'er thy duty bids thee do,
" Do it with all thy might;"
They who this simple path pursue,
And they alone, are right.

TALE VIII.

NANCY JOHNSON and Sally Green were very near Neighbours; their Mothers had long lived in the same yard, and they would often sit and spin together, and talk about their children, and contrive how they should do the best for them, so as to make a little go a great way. Johnson himself was a hard working man, and never went to drink at the Ale-House. Sometimes, when he was tired with his work he would say, "Come, wife, you must send Nancy for a pot of ale to the Crown; I'll not go near the house, for I like neither the noise nor the company, so set by your wheel and have a sup with me,

and

and then we'll hear Jem and Nan read, and go to bed like honest Folks." Nancy, when sent on these errands, always went and came back with as much haste as she could; for she thought it a dreadful sight to see people drinking till they knew not what they did, and then cursing, and falling into passions, and fighting; so she always begged them to serve her as soon as they could, that she might get out of the noise. Johnson's house was a scene of peace and comfort: the Children were brought up in honesty and industry; all were taught to work as soon as they were able, and, by all doing a little, a great deal was done. The House was clean, though but a poor old place; their clothes were well patched and whole, though very coarse. Nancy had been

been put into the Charity School, where she had behaved well, always coming in good time, with her hands and face washed, her hair tucked neatly under her cap, and her stockings well darned. Here she had been taught to read and work, and by being diligent had learned a great deal: those who had visited at the School still took notice of her, when they found that what she had gained there made her more useful at home. She now made and mended a great deal for the Family, and taught little Jemmy and Peggy to read, to save the expence of putting them to School: her old Gown she had made into one for her Sister, as by taking out the bad, and making it for her, it would last longer than for herself. The best she still kept, and by

turning

turning it, letting down the tuck, and putting pieces in, she had made it a good Sunday gown. She could also wash pretty well, and was become so useful, that her Father and Mother found her a great help and comfort to them, and were very thankful that they had such a Child. At night, when she had done her work, she would take her book, that she might not forget the reading she had learned at School: or sometimes she took a walk in the Fields; for she liked to see the beautiful Flowers, and frisking Lambs, and to hear the birds sing, and enjoy all the beauties of creation: but she would never stand lolling at the door, staring, and laughing at people as they passed, for she thought it had a very idle look, and could lead to no good

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Sally Green's Father was rather an idle Man, and all that he could get, beside what just kept his Family from starving, he spent in drink; so that they could hardly ever buy any new clothes, and those they had hung about them in rags for want of mending. The Mother had done what she could for a good while, but finding her Husband cared little for the comfort of his Family, she became idle and unhappy; whereas, had she but determined to do her part, she would have set a good example to her Children, kept them from much evil, and would have had a great deal more comfort herself. We often cannot make others do right, but if we would keep to it ourselves and never mind them, we still might be very happy. Green's House

was

was always dirty and uncomfortable, the chairs and table were broken, the windows stuffed with old rags; the only bedstead they had lay in pieces for want of a cord to keep it together, and every thing was in such a bad condition, that it was easy to see that idleness and wickedness were there. No wonder the Children grew up like their Parents; they were not taught to work near so soon as they might have been, and while little Johnsons were learning to read, they were doing mischief; for Children can do a great deal of harm, though they cannot do much good. Sometimes they would pelt at Horses, set Dogs to fight, or drive Pigs about: nay, worse things than these, for they would even rob their Neighbour's Garden. One day, when

when they had been throwing stones and sticks at a Cherry-tree which stood in an Orchard near, and whose branches hung over the wall, and while they were eagerly gathering up what had fallen, the man to whom it belonged saw the Stones, and was determined to catch the little Thieves; so when they had thrown as long as they liked, he got over a low place and laid hold of them before they could run away. Sally was amongst them, and though she had not pelted stones, she had pinned her torn apron together, and was now putting as many cherries into it, as it would hold. "So, so, I have caught you, have I," said the Man, "now you shall pay for your sport." The boys begged and prayed. Sally cried, and said she had not thrown at

the

the Tree once, but it signified nothing; the Man took them to his house. "Here wife, said he, here is a pack of dirty, idle Children, who are not taught to work, and so they must steal forsooth: look at your Cherries that you were to have taken to Market on Saturday, a fine Market they are come to truly! What, do you think I plant my Trees, and work early and late, for Thieves? No, no, believe me, and I'll make them remember robbing." So he shut them up in the Barn, and then went to Green's House, and told the Father and Mother that they had made their Children the plagues of the Neighbourhood, by bringing them up in idleness and mischief, and that now he had caught them he would make them pay for thieving. "My Cher-

ries,"

ries," said he, "would have fetched me three shillings at Market, so I shall make them stay and do me as much work as I should have paid three shillings for; they can weed my Beds of Onions, Turnips, and carrots, they can pick Stones out of Corn, and scare Birds; it may do somewhat too towards keeping them from the Gallows; for I'll tell you what, Master Green, in the way you bring them up they are like enough to come there, so good bye to you." Away he went home, the Children expected to be beaten, but the Man knew that would not do them good, so he kept them in the Barn all that night, with some good clean straw to sleep on. In the morning he asked them which they would like best, to live in idleness and thieving,

thieving, and be dirty, hungry, and miserable, and at last perhaps be hanged; or to work, get victuals and clothes, and be happy: they all said they would rather work. He then took them out, and set one to weed the Onions, another to scare birds, and another to pick Stones. He told them, when they had worked an hour they should have their breakfast; so when the time came, they had each a good dish of Milk porridge, and they liked it better than when they had never worked. They staid about three days with the Gardener, and they were much happier than when they were always idle; he then took them home. "Here, Green," said he, "I have brought your Children; I see they can work as well as other people's, so I advise you to get them out

out, and then you may do better yourselves, and they will do better too, but if you do not take my advice, I tell you, you will repent it." At night, when they had done their work, Nancy Johnson and her Mother went into Green's House, not to rail at the Gardener, as many people would have done, but to tell them they were glad the Children had begun to work, and to beg them to keep them to it. Poor Sally was sadly ashamed, and did not know how to look at Nancy Johnson; but Nancy took her by the hand, and said she would teach her to darn her Stockings, and mend her Apron and Gown, if she liked it, and would ask her Mother to let her come and sit at their house the next day. Sally thought it very kind, and got up soon

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in the morning and went. Nancy had made the fire, and mopped the hearth, and was dressing her little sister; Sally said to her: "O, I wish our House was as clean, and my clothes as whole as your's." "Well," says Nancy, "you must try what you can do: you get a great Girl now, and though I am two years older, I did a great deal before I was as big as you; and I think you will now like to work, as it is the only way to make people comfortable. Come begin; where is your thimble, and needle and thread?" But alas! Sally had neither thimble, needle, nor thread. Nancy had a halfpenny in her drawer up stairs, so she ran and fetched it, and sent Sally to buy a thimble, while she got her needle and thread ready. She now felt how hap-

py it made her to be able to do a little good. So when Green came back, she took off her apron, and looked a large patch, and pinned it on, and told her how to do it, but poor Sally having never tried, found it very difficult to do it well; but before the morning was over she did better, and when the patch was set on, she thought she could have worked always, her apron looked so much better, and she felt so glad it was mended. She soon ate her dinner, and when Johnson had lent her a pair of Stockings, she took off her own, and began to mend them, for they were not fit to be seen, the heel of one was worn away, and the other had a great many holes; however, they set to work, and, by patching the worst, made them very tidy. Sally now

now became happier every day, and though the family went on very badly, she did all she could. But one winter's night, when her Father was coming drunk from the Ale-house, he fell down and broke his Leg; he was then obliged to be carried to the Infirmary, and his Wife and Children went to the Work-house. Poor Sally was now in very great distress, and she wished for nothing so much as to be able to maintain herself: so her friend Nancy Johnson went to the Ladies who had been so kind as to get her into the school, and told them the case, and begged them to take Sally in for one year, that she might learn to do something for herself; and as Johnson had behaved so well, they did. Sally Green was now so diligent and so mindful of

what

what was said, that when she left the School, she was able to work for the Mantua-makers, and to maintain herself: nay in a short time she paid for the schooling of her little Brother, and could sometimes give sixpence to her poor Mother, whose neglect had helped to bring on the distress of the Family. The Father died in the Infirmary, as he had almost killed himself with drinking. After Nancy Johnson's Father and Mother were dead, the two Friends joined in the Mantua-making business; they then did all they could in getting poor girls taught to work, and they lived long very happy—because they were very useful.

Let

LET other Girls the School deride,
Who know not wrong from right;
I who both work and play have try'd,
Find Industry delight.

When helpless in my Mother's arms,
She nurs'd me, and she fed;
Guarded her babe from all alarms,
And labour'd for my bread.

But as she's growing old apace,
And I am young and strong;
I'll strive to fill some useful place,
Nor burthen her too long,

The more I learn the more I find,
That duty brings enjoyment;
And he who aims at peace of mind,
Will early seek employment.

Then teach me all my little part,
And school shall be my pleasure;
Each Lesson that improves my heart,
I'll keep it as a treasure.

And when sufficiently I've wrought,
To be self-cloth'd and fed,
I'll bless the School where I was taught,
To earn my daily bread.

THE END.

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